

THE
39.a
DAY of JUDGMENT.

K

215

A
P O E M.

IN TWO BOOKS.

John Ogilvie

Οὐδ' ἄρ' ἐτι Ζεὺς ἰσχεν ἰὸν μένος.—εἰ δέ τε πᾶσαν
Φαίβε βινν' ἀμυδὺς θ' ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ καὶ ἀπ' οὐλύμπου
Ἀστράκλων ἐστειχε συναχάδων· οἱ δέ κεραυνοὶ
Ἰκτάρ' ἅμα βροντῇ τε καὶ ἀερόπῃ πλέοντα
Χεῖρος ἀπὸ σιβαρῆς.—

—ἀμφὶ τὴ γαῖαν φερεσβίος ἐσμαραγίζε

καίονμεν.

HESED Theog.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

THE PREFACE.

AS POETRY in general, and particularly *Rhyme*, is, of all others, that species of writing which lies most open to criticism; a few blemishes (which are sometimes to be found even in the most correct pieces) will be easily pardoned by a good-natured reader. Horace's rule in this case, is an admirable one:

*Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine; non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.*

This will, I am persuaded, be allowed, if it is considered, that an improper allegory, a long period, a forced expression, nay a word and even a sound too often repeated, is sufficient (at least with some people) to spoil the beauty of a poem. Reason decides principally on the merit of other productions; but, in this, one must endeavour to please both the judgment and the ear. The former are perhaps composed only for a few speculative men, who are unfashionable enough to read for instruction: but the latter is universally perused; and it is ten to one, but every Reader

is, or at least will pretend to be a Critic. A composition of this last kind, is, like a piece of fine painting, in which the parts must be adjusted with the nicest propriety; the colouring lively, but delicately blended; and one disproportioned feature, is enough to make the whole ridiculous.

If then we ought to make such ample allowances for a poem, when it is composed on trivial subjects, and addressed only to the imagination; how much further should those be extended, when it's great aim is to touch the heart! The difficulty of such an undertaking, is certainly a powerful advocate in it's favour; but the design itself, to a pious mind, must necessarily be an irresistible one.

THE human heart, like a citadel surrounded with almost inaccessible bulwarks, must (e're one can obtain access to it) be attacked with the firmest intrepidity; the several avenues that lead to it discovered, and numberless accidents surmounted in the way. A man must rouse the *conscience*, alarm the passions, captivate the imagination, and interest the judgment. There is perhaps no subject, that affords a nobler fund of materials

materials for effectuating such an end, than the *general conflagration*: a subject, attended with this remarkable advantage, (which by the by is peculiar to Divine Poetry), that the most elevated idea we can form of it, will fall infinitely short of reality. What expression can paint with adequate emphasis the solemnities of this tremendous scene! when the last trump shall proclaim, with a sound dreadfully audible, **AWAKE YE DEAD AND COME TO JUDGMENT!** when myriads shall burst from their once peaceful repositories, and hear an *irrevocable sentence* pronounced by their **CREATOR!** when “a mighty angel (to use the language of inspiration,) shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear by him that liveth for ever and ever, that there shall be time no longer:” when the great **SAVIOUR** of men “shall be seen coming in the clouds,” surrounded with a triumphant company of superior intelligences, “and heaven and earth fly away before him!” Then only shall we know this *transaction*, when we make a part of the concourse; then only shall we form just conceptions of this a mighty **JUDGE**, when we are summoned to his tribunal!

AN

As the following is one of the first essays of early youth, an impartial account of my design is the best excuse I can make for it.

THO', in the *ancient poets*, we may sometimes meet with a few random thoughts, and undigested draughts of the *day of judgment*; it will yet, I presume, be allowed, that the most elegant, beautiful, and particular detail of it, is contained in the *sacred writings*. The several circumstances are there exhibited, in a manner so suited to the majesty of the subject, that, (setting aside their inspiration,) the *glowing imagery* which heightens their descriptions, and their graceful simplicity, both in expression and sentiment, must be admired by every man of taste. I have endeavoured to show the justice of this observation, in the following attempt, by pointing out a few passages, which appeared remarkable to me for peculiar delicacy; and beauties, which I will venture to call inimitably fine: a design, that (so far as I know) has not yet been fully executed by any writer; tho' the late ingenious Mr. PHILIPS intended to have done it, had not death prevented him.

THE

THE best method I could recollect for adjusting the successive incidents, is that I have fixed on, and pursued.

THO' one may be struck with an uncommon thought, or judicious reflection; it is yet certain, that our imaginations are generally warmed, and the passions rise in proportion to our opinion of the *persons* who tell us a story, and the *actors* who are interested in it. Upon this principle, I cannot help thinking, that my subject appears with more advantage, when the author is supposed a *witness* to every thing that passes, and conducted through the whole by a *heavenly guide*, than it could possibly have done in a simple narration, however smooth in diction, or animated in sentiment.

THE reader will observe, that the several parts are classed in a manner somewhat different from Dr. YOUNG's. There is (in my opinion) a little coincidence between his first book, and the end of his last. In the former, he describes the burning of the world, and takes it up again in the latter; which has too much the air of a repetition. To avoid this, and at the same time give a distinct view of the circumstances, they are severally

verally ranged in what I thought their most natural order; which not only prevents confusion, but makes a gradual rising in the poem, and concludes it with the most affecting scene in the whole.

AFTER all, if any one should think that a *dream* is no proper medium for illustrating the most awful, and to men the most interesting scene that can be imagined; I desire him either to fix on a better, or peruse (if he pleases) the 4th chapter of *JOB*, where he will find the most important truths communicated to *Eliphaz* in a similar form.

IF I might recommend the few sheets I have wrote on this subject for any thing, it is their design; and this, I am persuaded, with a pious or judicious reader, will go a great way to excuse their blemishes. If, however, they should excite some superior genius to attempt the theme, and describe it to better purpose, I shall not only be satisfied, but even

—glory in the work I did not write.

Univ. pas. fat. 2.

T H E

THE
DAY of JUDGMENT.

BOOK I.

———*Circumspice utrumque,
Fumat uterque polus.*

OVID. Metam.

COME heav'nly muse, my raptur'd soul inspire,
Touch with one beam of thy celestial fire
A soul, that rising with sublime delight
Leaves worlds behind in its aerial flight ;
Mounts o'er the clouds, unusual heights to soar,
Where YOUNG and angels only flew before.

I leave unheeded ev'ry mortal care,
The victor's pomp, and all the scenes of war :
A nobler aim invites my song to rise :
No power I sing, but his who form'd the skies ;
No scenes, but nature's burning vaults display'd ;
No voice, but that which wakes the sleeping dead.
My theme how vast ! The sun's extinguish'd rays ;
Ten thousand stars in one devouring blaze ;

A

That

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That doom, the guilty wretch must dread to hear ;
The last loud trump that stops the rolling sphere;
The crowds that burst from earth's dissolving frame;
All heaven descending, and a world on flame.

O thou, whose hands the bolted thunder form,
Whose wings the whirlwind, * and whose breath
the storm :

Tremendous GOD ! this wond'ring bosom raise,
And warm each thought that would attempt thy
praise.

O ! while I mount along th' etherial way,
To softer regions, and unclouded day,
Pass the long tracts where darting lightnings glow,
Or trembling view the boiling deeps below ;
Lead thro' the dubious maze, direct the whole,
Lend heav'nly aid to my transported soul,
Teach ev'ry nobler power to guide my tongue,
And touch the heart, while thou inspir'st the song.

'Twas at the hour, when mid-night ghosts assume
Some frightful shape, and sweep along the gloom ;
When the pale spectre bursts upon the view ;
When fancy paints the fading taper blue ;
When smiling virtue rests, nor dreads a foe ;
And slumber shuts the weeping eyes of woe :
'Twas then, amid the silence of the night,
A graceful seraph stood before my sight,
And blaz'd meridian day,— the rocking ground
Flam'd as he mov'd, and totter'd as he frown'd.
As some vast meteor, whose expanded glare
Shoots a long stream that brightens all the air,

So glow'd his burning eyes:—earth heard and shook
When from his lips these dreadful accents broke :

“ Now is that hour, when at th' Almighty's call,
“ Surrounding flames shall melt the yielding ball ;
“ When worlds must blaze amid the general fire,
“ And suns and stars with all their hosts expire.
“ The long-delay'd, th' important day is come,
“ (All nature quake with terror at the doom.)
“ For which creation rose supremely fair,
“ Each world was launch'd, and hung upon the air,
“ O'er system system roll'd, a shining throng,
“ And mov'd in silent harmony along.
“ That hour is come, when GOD himself shall rise,
“ Sublime in wrath, and rend the burning skies ;
“ Arrest the boundless planets, as they roll,
“ And burst the labouring earth from pole to pole ;
“ Bid hell's remote dominions hear and shake,
“ While nature sinks, and all the dead awake.”

WARM'D as he spoke, I felt th'enliv'ning ray ;
Then loos'd from earth, triumphing soar'd away :
We mount at once, and, lighter than the wind,
Left, as we flew, the distant clouds behind.
Then far remov'd beheld th'abodes below,
And wait in deep suspense th' impending blow.

Now o'er the east the rosy dawn displays
Her op'ning bloom, and beams with fainter rays ;
By just degrees her crimson gates unfold,
And tinge the smiling mead with morning gold.
Fair as the bride, whose conscious looks disclose
A deeper red than paints the blowing rose,

Whose

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Whose lip the ruby's fine vermillion dyes,
And all Elysium brightens in her eyes.

CHARM'D and surpris'd, we saw the soft abode,
Each plain with beauty's flow'ry offspring strow'd ;
Survey'd with rapture all th'inviting scene,
The vary'd landscape, and the vivid green ;
A charming train of all the muses themes,
Gay meads, and pointed rocks, and purling streams ;
Hills, vales, and woods in sweet disorder spread,
And blooming fields in all their pomp display'd.
Still at each look, (amid the countless store)
We mark'd some feature unobserv'd before ;
As in the cheek with opening roses warm,
Each piercing glance improves the growing charm.

THEN sighing deep, distracted at the view,
" Adieu, I cried, ye blissful scenes adieu :
" That sun must cease to gild the flow'ry plain ;
" The moon be lost with all the starry train ;
" Plung'd in one fire, each mighty frame consume,
" 'Tis God, th'Eternal God has seal'd their doom."

Lo ! at the word (each transient ray withdrawn)
A lowring cloud at once o'ercaст the dawn :
From its big womb, with swelling tempests stor'd,
Pale lightning flash'd, and dreadful thunder roar'd.
Earth's glowing bosom felt a sudden wound,
And strong convulsions rent the opening ground ;
The rapid whirlwind with impetuous sweep
Burst from its vaults, and rais'd the labouring deep ;
Rocks, cities, streams at once its wond'rous prey,
It swept the woods, and bore the hills away.

Thus

Thus, when Olympus shook with loud alarms,
* When all th'angelick hosts appear'd in arms,
Each adverse legion stood unmov'd with fear,
Each God-like cherub wav'd a flaming spear;
Hills, forrests, rocks their mutual rage supply,
They flung th'enormous mountains thro' the sky,
From the deep earth th'exalted cedars tore,
And buried nature in the wild uproar.

BUT now, with terror rising on the sight,
† A burning comet flash'd unusual light.
Quick as the wind, the wing'd destruction came
O'er all the void, and drew a length of flame;
Shap'd thro' the parting clouds its dreadful way,
And pour'd on earth intolerable day.

At once the sea its inmost womb displays;
The waving forrests catch the spreading blaze;
The cave no more its central fire contains,
It rag'd and swell'd resistless o'er the plains.

Now in a broader range the deluge raves,
And rolls triumphant thro' the boiling waves;
O'er all the hills the rising flames aspire,
The mountains blaze, a mighty ridge of fire!
Th'extended Alps, and tow'ring * Andes glow,
Whose brows were crown'd with everlasting snow.
Ev'n Ætna rocks with a reluctant groan,
Sunk in a flame more dreadful than its own;
A fiery stream the deep Volcano pours,
And from its mouth incessant thunder roars.

EACH humbler vale partakes the gen'ral doom,
The smiling meads resign their lovely bloom;

Not

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Not Asia's fields th'impetuous flood retain,
 It bounds with fury o'er the wide champaign.
 Whate'er to view revolving seasons bring,
 Each opening flow'r, the painted child of spring,
 Bleak Winter's snow, with Summer's rosy pride,
 And Autumn's ripening stores, augment the tide :
 In its big womb it bears the shining spoil,
 Hills burst, rocks melt, woods blaze, and oceans
 boil.

SUCH, man, thy life, when thy relentless foe
 Crops the young rose, and spurns the hoary brow :
 In vain thy wish would stop th'invader's pow'r,
 Who spares the leaf to revel on the flow'r.
 O! how transported with a fleeting dream
 We fondly launch, and glide along the stream !
 Nor think of tempests, mis'ry, pain, or death,
 'The storms above us, and the wrecks beneath !
 When lo! at once a cloudy scene succeeds,
 It lowers, frowns, blackens, bellows o'er our heads ;
 Bounds o'er the seas, and with destructive sweep,
 Flings wave on wave, and whelms us in the deep.

WHERE now the nation, whose controuling law
 Rul'd ev'ry state, and held a world in awe ?
 Say where, BRITANNIA, thy remoter plain ?
 'Thy fields enrich'd with plenty's welcome train ?
 'Thy fleets, to sound their dreadful fame afar,
 And rule the deep, the thunderbolts of war ?
 Still in my thought thy happier days detain'd,
 When GEORGE, when ANNA, when ELIZA reign'd ;

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I see, I hear the battle's wild alarms,
See trembling foes, and thy triumphant arms !
I see sublime the floating navy rise,
The pompous streamers waving as she flies !
I see the shudd'ring hosts that round her fall,
The * haughty Spaniard here, and there † the Gaul.
I see great BOURBON fainting and dismay'd,
And view the laurel blasted on his head.
O ! while my country's glory fires my lays,
How my fond heart runs lavish in her praise !
But see, 'tis fled !—I urge, implore its stay,
In vain ; the charming vision dies away :
'Twas now amazing change ! alike unknown,
Where NASSAU fought, or god-like MARLBRO'
shone.

ALL, all was lost on earth's consuming frame,
One gen'ral wreck, one undistinguish'd flame :
To aid the fire BRITANNIA's domes combin'd,
Nor left one trace of all their pomp behind.
Thus when some tow'ring oak, that long had stood
High o'er the rest, and triumph'd in the wood,
Falls at the shock of some tremendous blow ;
While thunders roar above, and earthquakes rock
below,

The sweeping whirlwind labours e're it yield,
Th'enormous trunk lies dreadful on the field :
Prodigious ruin ! round its ample base,
The humbler shrubs, and all the forests blaze.

Lo ! there the graceful fabric now defac'd,
Wide swells the torrent thro' the burning waste.

The

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The lofty tow'r compleat in ev'ry part,
 That stood (by millions rear'd) the boast of art;
 The firm, compacted wall, that long defy'd
 Each batt'ring ball that thunder'd on its side;
 Th'Ægyptian pyramid, majestic dome!
 Where Kings exchang'd the scepter for the tomb;
 The sculptur'd brass, the monumental stone,
 In one promiscuous heap were all o'erthrown.
 Whate'er beneath the forming hand was wrought,
 By labouring ages to perfection brought,
 Now prone in dust, to swell th'aspiring flame,
 Sunk it's proud brow, and lay without a name.

SEE earth's pale sons, a mighty throng appear!
 How wild their looks with agonizing fear!
 Swift, as the hart, from her pursuing train,
 Climbs the steep rock, and flies along the plain:
 'Tis thus, the tempest's dreadful rage to shun,
 They sweep the field, and shiver as they run.
 Here yawning gulphs their dreadful wrecks disclose,
 There nature labours with convulsive throws:
 Here the flame bursts, and blazes to the skies,
 There flash the pointed lightnings on their eyes.
 They see the mountains, sunk beneath the blow,
 Spread their broad ruins o'er the fields below.
 Kings saw with dread the black'ning tempest frown,
 And beat the awful brow that wore a crown.

So, when tempestuous at th'ETERNAL's word
 The teeming skies a wat'ry deluge pour'd;
 The vast abyss its mighty womb display'd,
 And the flood rose o'er ATLAS' tousing head;

Some

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 9

Some nation fell, in each augmented wave
Dissolv'd, and earth was one prodigious grave.

THEIR blooming store the opening mines unfold,
With sparkling diamonds fill'd, or beds of gold :
Deluding gold, that makes destruction smooth,
Thou foe to virtue, liberty, and truth !
Whose arts the fate of monarchies decide,
Who gild'st deceit, the darling child of pride !
How oft, allur'd by thy persuasive charms,
Have earth's contending pow'rs appear'd in arms !
What nations brib'd have own'd thy pow'rful reign !
For thee what millions plow'd the stormy main !
Travel'd from pole to pole with ceaseless toil,
And felt their blood, alternate, freeze and boil.

SEE where a crowd thro' desert AFRIC spreads,
The sun's bright glories blazing o'er their heads !
See, where thro' INDIA's distant climes they pour !
See countless throngs on GUINEA's burning shore !
See waving forests fall to make them room !
See, scoop'd for wealth the rock's expanded womb !
See, each deep gloom admits the solar ray !
See, thro' the cavern bursts meridian day !
See earth, air, ocean, storms, and thunders dar'd !
For what ? — some pebble their immense reward !
Or glowing dust the lab'ring throng retains :
Some sage, compare the purchase, and the pains.

BUT now the flames in awful concourse join,
And deep descending seize the burning mine ;
Its richest treasures aid the mounting blaze,
'Twas all confusion, tumult, and amaze.

B

When

10 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

When lo ! a cloud just opening on the view
 Illum'd with dazzling light th'etherial blue !
 A radiant cherub stood at once display'd,
 Immortal glories waving round his head.
 Surpriz'd and wond'ring, on his brow we saw
 Celestial sweetness, and superior awe ;
 Spring o'er his face its blooming roses strow'd,
 And in his cheek triumphant beauty glow'd ;
 Swift from his eyes the flashing lightnings play,
 And from his wings he shook reflected day :
 Then to his lips a mighty trump apply'd,
 (The flames were ceas'd, the muttering thunders dy'd)
 While all th'extended firmaments rebound,
 He rais'd his voice, and labour'd in the sound :
 These dreadful words he spoke——,

“ Be dark, thou sun, in one eternal night !
 “ And cease, thou moon, to rule with paler light !
 “ Ye planets, drop from these dissolving skies !
 “ Rend, all ye tombs ; and, all ye dead, arise !
 “ Ye winds, be still ; ye tempests, rave no more !
 “ And roll, thou deep, thy millions to the shore !
 “ Earth, be dissolv'd, with all these worlds on high !
 “ And time, be lost in vast eternity !
 “ Now, by creation's dread tremendous Sire,
 “ Who sweeps these stars as atoms, in his ire ;
 “ By heav'n's omnipotent, unconquer'd King ;
 “ By him who rides the rapid whirlwind's wing ;
 “ Who reigns supreme in his august abode,
 “ Forms, or confounds with one commanding nod ;

“ Who

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“ Who * thron’d in darkness hurls the fork’d dart ;

“ Whose frown with terror strikes the shiv’ring
heart :

“ By him I swear !” (he paus’d, and bow’d the head,
Then rais’d aloft his flaming hand, and said)

“ Attend ye faints, who in seraphic lays

“ Exalt his name, but tremble while you praise :

“ Ye hosts, that bow to your Almighty Lord,

“ Hear all his works, th’ irrevocable word !

“ Thy reign, O man, and, earth, thy days are o’er !

“ I swear by him, that time shall be no more.”

He spoke : (all nature groan’d a loud reply ;))

Then shook the sun, and tore him from the sky.

O ! would some angel’s awful voice controul
Each drooping thought, and swell my rising soul ;

Would some descending seraph tune the lyre,

And warm my breast with more than mortal fire :

The scene I draw sublimer strains would claim,

Ev’n those might labour on so vast a theme !

But why for aid invok’d th’ immortal throng ?

Why call’d angelic fire to tune my tongue ?

I see each look distracted, terrify’d,

The harp untouch’d hangs idly by their side.

I see, I see omnipotence in arms,

Each bosom trembling at the shrill alarms !

I see the sun fall thro’ th’ etherial plains ;

The moon’s pale disk a bloody tincture stains :

The dreadful call each mightier orbit hears,

And worlds unhing’d come tumbling from their

spheres.

WHAT

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WHAT pomp, what terror, tumult, and amaze !
 What crowds to view ! what wrecks to swell the blaze !
 What loud volcanoes roar ! (ev'n fiends recoil)
 What rocks to melt ! what oceans yet to boil !

SHOULD we behold, by some impetuous wind,
 At once great *Ætna* and *Vesuvius* join'd ;
 Each mighty rival from its center rock,
 Surround the deep, and hide the clouds in smoke ;
 Their burning bowels rent, and (dire to name !)
 Ev'n suns extinguish'd in the spreading flame !
 Say, what is all, let fire, wind, waves prevail,
 Compar'd to this ? — a feather, and a gale !

Rous'd from their sleep unnumber'd myriads
 come,

All wak'd at once, and burst the yielding tomb :
 O'er boiling waves their fever'd members swim ;
 Each breeze was loaded with a broken limb :
 The living atoms, with peculiar care
 Drawn from their cells, came flying thro' the air :
 * Whither they lurk'd, thro' ages undecay'd,
 Deep in the rock, or cloth'd some smiling mead ;
 Or in the lily's snowy bosom grew ;
 Or ting'd the sapphire with its lovely blue ;
 Or in some purling stream refresh'd the plains ;
 Or form'd the mountain's adamantine veins ;
 Or, gayly sporting in the breathing Spring,
 Perfum'd the whisp'ring Zephyr's balmy wing :
 All heard ; and now, in fairer prospect shown,
 Limb clung to limb, and bone rejoin'd its bone :

Here

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Here stood, improv'd in strength, the graceful frame,
There flow'd the circling blood, a purer stream :
The sparkling eye its dazzling light resumes ;
Soft on the lip the tinctur'd ruby blooms ;
The beating pulse a keener ardor warms,
And beauty triumphs in immortal charms.

So, when great RAPHAEL wrought with vast
design

Some finish'd picture, as th' idea fine,
O'er the smooth plane his happy pencil stray'd,
Here cast the light, and there diffus'd the shade ;
A richer bloom each flying touch bestow'd,
Now on the cheek a brighter vermeil glow'd :
Art in the piece with nature seem'd to strive,
And ev'ry blushing feature look'd alive.

WHAT scenes appear, where'er I turn my eyes !
How wide the throng ! what forms innum'rous rise !
Methinks I still behold the teeming earth
Pour all at once her millions at a birth !
They start with terror thro' the opening ground,
Flames all beneath, and thunders all around.
What manly vigour reigns in ev'ry part,
Fires the broad breast, and swells the glowing heart !
Not earth's first-born, the huge gigantic crowds,
That towr'd like mountains, and o'erlook'd the
woods ;

Not he, who thro' opposing legions broke,
* Flung the rough stone, † or heav'd th' unwieldy
rock,

E'er

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E'er felt such force, when from th' o'erwhelming
blow,

Amaz'd and trembling run the frightened foe ;
When, at each look, surpriz'd, and struck with
dread,

Whole hosts retir'd, and wonder'd, as they fled.

ARE these the forms, that languishingly fair,
Repin'd, and sicken'd at each breeze of air ?
The tender frames, like fading roses pale,
Whose leaves are shrivel'd by the ruffling gale ?
To death's destructive dart an easy prey,
That sunk, and feebly sigh'd the soul away ?

THIS clouded scene attempt not to explore ;
Where reason sinks, 'twere madness then to soar :
Heav'n, that to each its province has assign'd,
Enlarges there, and here it bounds the mind :
When fancy plays within its proper sphere,
It smiles, and shows th' unsully'd object clear ;
Whene'er from that the erring guide removes,
'Tis dark ; all else but puzzles, not improves.

THUS, when some Indian, for the shining gem,
Tempts the rough sea, or plunges in the stream ;
The prize obtain'd, each cautious diver saves,
Who dives too deep, is bury'd in the waves.

Look round, my soul, o'er ev'ry scene below,
What millions rise, distinguish'd by their woe !
See widows, orphans, mothers, infants slain,
A feeble, harmless, weeping, fainting train !
What crowds, extinct by an untimely doom,
Are torn from life in youth's deluding bloom !

A throng of mourners sighing by their side,
The hoary fire perhaps, and virgin bride;
The mother sunk with agony and years,
While friendship droops, and beauty melts in tears.

SEE! where the shade, to strike his gasping prey,
Draws the keen dart, that never miss'd its way;
Thron'd on the ruin of terrestrial things,
He sits, and tramples on the dust of kings.
See! his black chariot floats in streams of gore,
Pale rage behind, and terror strides before.
Not lovely youth, in all its bloom display'd;
Not they, whose call contending pow'rs obey'd;
Not ev'n the charming maid, with grief oppress'd,
Whose tender sighs might melt a marble breast;
Not all the frantic cries of wild despair;
Not helpless age, that tears its silver hair,
Can stay one moment the severe command,
Or wrest th' avenging dart from that relentless hand.

HERE pause: —the crowds extended on the bier
Claim from the filial heart a parting tear;
Spend on the tomb where drooping grandeur lies,
One mournful burst of sympathizing sighs.

O death! thou terror of th' unthinking mind,
Who blast'st its hopes, and giv'st them to the wind;
What wide destruction marks thy fatal reign!
What numbers bleed thro' all thy vast domain!
Whither thy arm, its dreadful strength to show,
Like *SAMPSON*'s, sweeps its thousand at a blow:
If from the cannon's burning womb thou pour,
In earthquakes rock, or in the whirlwind roar,

Kill

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Kill in the tempest's frown, the lightning's gleam,
Or ride tremendous thro' the pointed flame;
If, in the fever, famine, plague, thou blast
Th' unpeopled earth, and lay the nations waste;
Tho' all her sons the victims of thy pow'r,
Her sons, that fall by millions in an hour;
Yet know, should all thy terrors stand display'd,
'Tis but the meaner soul that shrinks with dread:
That solemn scene the suppliant captive mourns;
That scene, intrepid virtue views, and scorns.

THINE, virtue! thine is each persuasive charm,
Thine ev'ry soul with heav'nly raptures warm;
Thine all the blifs that innocence bestows,
And thine the heart that feels another's woes.
What tho' thy train, neglected, or unknown,
Have sought the silent vale, and sigh'd alone?
Tho' torrents stream'd from ev'ry melting eye?
Tho' from each bosom burst th' unpity'd sigh?
Tho' oft, with life's distracting cares oppress'd,
They long'd to sleep in everlasting rest?
O envy'd misery! — what soft delight
Breath'd on the mind, and smooth'd the gloom of
night:

When nobler prospects, an eternal train,
Made rapture glow in ev'ry beating vein;
When heav'n's bright domes the smiling eye
survey'd,

And joys that bloom'd more sweetly from the shade.

Now all appear'd ascending from the tomb,
Who breath'd the air, or slumber'd in the womb:

The

The crowds that live in all th' unbounded skies,
Now rais'd the trembling head with wild surprize :
* Stars with their num'rous sons augment the throng,
Each world's majestic offspring towr'd along :
Thick, as the burning sun's meridian rays,
The hov'ring insects basking in the blaze ;
The swarms that flutter, when the day's withdrawn ;
The throng that rises with the rising dawn ;
The worlds supported by JEHOVAH's care,
And all the race that peoples all the air.
Rang'd on a field by labouring angels rear'd,
In dreadful length th' innum'rous throng appear'd :
Earth's noblest sons, the mighty wretched things,
Call'd Heroes, Consuls, Cefars, Judges, Kings,
Now swell'd the crowd, promiscuous and unknown,
The meanest slave from him who fill'd a throne :
Each tyrant now would blefs some friendly gloom,
And pride stands shiv'ring at th' impending doom.

THINK you beheld ten thousand armies stand,
All form'd, and rais'd by some divine command ;
Saw where the giants burst their dark abode,
While the tomb labour'd with th' unusual load.
Let Theseus, Samson, towr upon the plain,
With stern Achilles, from a field of slain :
Let Rome's and Greece' triumphant sons appear,
A Cefar there, an Alexander here :
Her splendid multitudes let Persia join,
Thy swarms, Thermopylæ, and, Iffus, thine.
See Cannæ tainted with a purple flood,
And great Pharfalia's fields that swam with blood :

18 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

Extend the view : — See god-like Trajan's pow'r ;
Th' intrepid chief proceeds from shore to shore,
Flies on the foe, and paints the reeking field with
gore !

Lo ! next a throng of wild Barbarians come,
The crowds that triumph'd o'er imperial Rome :
See, like a cloud that gathers on the day,
Th' embattled squadrons shape their dreadful way ;
Prodigious hosts ! who (all their foes o'erthrown)
Once rul'd supreme, and made a world their own :
Next Asia's millions fill th' extended space,
Known from the rest, a soft, unmanly race ;
While there, (each bosom rough with many a scar)
Stand Afric's troops, the stormy sons of war.

BUT see, where rising, a resplendent throng,
Thy sons, Europa, claim a nobler song !
Lo ! Britain's heroes burst upon the fight,
Each chief who dar'd th' exulting foe to fight !
View the wide fields, where fainting armies bled !
See *BLÉNHEIMS*, *CRESSI'S*, *AGINCOURTS* display'd !
War, blood, destruction, triumphs, conquests rise,
And kings, and patriots bless th' enraptur'd eyes !
Let Gallia next her num'rous hosts unfold,
The crowds she rais'd by force, or won by gold :
Think you beheld th' united armies spread,
And all the crowds *TURENNE*, or *CONDE* led ;
By * *CHARLES*' unguided rage the throng that
dy'd ;
The millions murder'd for her *BOURBON*'s pride.

JOIN all at once, or (if the thoughts can soar
So vast a height) yet add ten thousand more !
Say, when sublime thy roving fancy flew,
Did e'er such numbers rise before the view ?
Such countless myriads didst thou e'er survey,
Th' amazing scenes of one tremendous day ?
So vast, they mock the soul's confounded sight ;
Ev'n thought falls back in its unequal flight !
Not reason's self can its surprize retain,
But strives to grasp the mighty scene in vain !

YET, mid' the crowd that pour'd o'er all the field,
A crowd which scarce the labouring eye beheld !
Ye monarchs, hear ! —this pomp of nations join'd,
These ages, empires, kingdoms, states combin'd,
These boasted thousands, millions, myriads, —all
Shrunk to a point unmeasurably small !
Scarce, when a group of buzzing flies display
Their forms, that glitter with the glancing ray ;
Scarce less observ'd, mid' all the numbers there,
One sitting wing that feebly fans the air !

Eternal GOD, whose word supremely wise
Can crush, or people all th' expanded skies !
Who bid'st creation wait on thy command,
Throw'st worlds like atoms from thy forming hand !
O ! for some nobler, more exalted lays,
Some heav'nly strains, to speak thy boundless praise !
All fancy droops on this transporting scene !
All rapture dull ! all elegance is mean !
All thought too faint ! all colours cease to glow !
All fire too languid ! all sublime too low !

Triumphant,

Triumphant, great, almighty, dreadful Lord !
 By faints, by prostrate seraphim ador'd,
 Who shew'd (how god-like was th' amazing plan)
 Thy pow'r on angels, but thy love to man !
 Thy pow'r, thy love, when uncontroll'd and free,
 Crush'd all their hosts, O man, and ransom'd thee.

BUT stay, my muse, be silent, and admire ;
 This lofty theme demands angelic fire !
 For see ! while all th' adoring seraphs gaze,
 Th' expanded skies with radiant glories blaze !
 From heaven's vast heights th' immortal throng
 descend ;

The worlds below in mute suspense attend :
 Thro' all its tracts thy mighty theme pursue,
 And paint the scenes that burst upon thy view.

Now, touch'd with grief, the pensive guide
 survey'd

Whate'er of grand this awful pomp display'd ;
 Then rais'd in silent woe his mournful eyes,
 And paus'd, —till thus with intermingling sighs :

“ WHERE now, ah ! where is all the farce of
 state,

“ The pride of kings, the triumphs of the great ?

“ The monarch trophy'd in his gilded car ?

“ Th' exulting victor, and the spoils of war ?

“ The bard, whose laurels all the graces wove ?

“ The blooming fair, that warn'd the soul with
 love ?

“ Ah ! view'd no more, these pleasing scenes decay,

“ Like stars that fade before the rising day !

“ Swift

“ Swift as a breeze that fans the waving stream,
“ Or soft, and fleeting, as a soothing dream.
“ Hail, heav’nly piety, supremely fair !
“ Whose smiles can calm the horrors of despair ;
“ Bid in each breast unusual transports flow,
“ And wipe the tears that stain the cheek of woe :
“ How blest the man who leaves each meaner scene,
“ Like thee, exalted, smiling, and serene !
“ Whose rising soul pursues a nobler flight ;
“ Whose bosom melts with more refin’d delight ;
“ Whose thoughts, elate with transports all sublime,
“ Can soar at once beyond the views of time :
“ Till loos’d from earth, as angels unconfin’d,
“ He flies aerial on the darting wind ;
“ Free as the keen-ey’d eagle, bears away,
“ And mounts the regions of eternal day.”

BOOK

B O O K II.

—προσεφη νεφεληγερετα Ζευς.

Hom.

ONCE more, O muse, th' ALMIGHTY'S pow'r
proclaim ;

Once more, tho' trembling try th' exalted theme :
A theme, the labour of seraphic lays,
While heav'n's majestic arches ring with praise ;
That rais'd at once by all th' immortal choir,
Dwells on the warbling voice, and strings the tuneful
lyre.

O ! if receiv'd amid the vocal throng,
Saints, angels, men, that join the gen'ral song ;
If, mid' each heav'nly soul's sublimer strain,
These humbler lays some distant place obtain,
(That boast no beauties from improving art,
But feebly breath the raptures of the heart ;)
How blest ! —if thou, Great GOD, th' attempt
should own,

Or view the meanest off'ring at thy throne.

Now, thro' the crowd, by hope, or fear, detain'd,
A solemn, deep, portentuous silence reign'd.
As when at once assembled nations wait
Some great event, some dubious birth of fate ;
All stand (with dreadful expectation warm'd)
Depress'd, enraptur'd, frighted, or alarm'd ;
The opening scene each wond'ring thought employs,
And wild amazement stops the trembling voice :

Such,

Such, but far more, th' unbounded throng appears,
While nobler hopes, or more distracting fears
Flam'd in each look, they felt a deeper care,
And knew th' extremes of rapture, and despair.

How vast the prize each smiling faint survey'd !
While heav'n's transcendent glories stood display'd !
The roving eye beheld each blest abode ;
The throbbing breast with more than transport
glow'd :

But oh ! no words, no image can express
The fine delight, the flow of melting bliss,
The soft emotions trilling thro' the whole,
The secret springs that touch'd the feeling soul,
When mid' the skies each blooming scene was view'd,
Eternal day ! a sun without a cloud !
Surrounding pleasures, boundless as refin'd !
'Twas fancy's food, the music of the mind !

Oh say ! transporting thought ! can heav'n
bestow

Such endless prospects for some years of woe ?
Are these the joys for fav'rite souls prepar'd ?
Neglected piety's sublime reward ?
The opening treasures in eternal store,
T' enrich the mean, the suff'ring, and the poor ?
O wond'rous bliss, too vast for mortal's sense !
Amazing love ! divine benevolence !
Join all ye seraphs, with unusual fire !
Join heav'n and earth, in one harmonious choir !
Let ev'ry soul its sweetest strains employ,
To raise one loud, melodious song of joy.

BUT

24 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

BUT mark that throng ; what keen, destructive
smart,

What crowding torments wring the tortur'd heart !
Despair and rage in each big bosom glow,
And horror reigns in ev'ry lowring brow.
Ah ! hopeless train ! — what madness to engage !
To rouse, (poor wretch !) omnipotence to rage !
Why dar'd you sport, and dally with a God ?
Why spurn'd his mercies ? why contemn'd his rod ?
Why scorn'd his vengeance ? mock'd his dread
command ?

And fought, nay forc'd damnation from his hand ?
O blind to fate, who, with unguarded haste,
Would fondly judge the future by the past !
Who once, (deluded with an airy name)
Flew smooth, tho' quick, o'er time's deceitful
stream ;

Who, when th' enchanting pleasure rose in view,
Thought, vainly thought, 'twould be immortal too.
Life ! 'tis the glance of some uncertain ray,
A shadowy thing, that smiles, and glides away,
A clouded landscape, an amusing tale,
A fleeting thought, a momentary gale ;
A dream, which scarce the waking soul retains,
And oft the rack, where virtue bleeds in chains.

BUT now 'twas o'er : — * for from his great
abode

Full on a whirlwind came the dreadful GOD :
The tempest's rattling wings, the fiery car,
Ten thousand hosts, his ministers of war,

The

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 25

The flaming cherubim attend his flight,
And heav'n's foundations groan'd beneath their
weight :

Thro' all the skies his forky lightnings play'd,
With radiant splendor glow'd his beamy head :
From his bright eyes the trembling throng retire ;
He spoke in thunder, and he breath'd in fire ;
Wrapt in a blaze of streaming light he stood,
And form'd his dark pavilion of a cloud :
As in the sun, when thron'd amid the sky,
He bursts refulgent on the swimming eye,
If some dark screen his keener rays conceal,
He glows less dazzling thro' the filmy veil ;
A fainter bloom his soft'ned beams display,
Gild the broad waste, and give a milder day.

Now, man, if e'er, (this awful scene survey'd,)
Thy soul stood trembling with unusual dread ;
If e'er despair could touch thy throbbing heart ;
If e'er thou shook'st at death's approaching dart ;
If, in some fight, thy pitying soul beheld
A * murder'd host lie gasping on the field ;
While ev'ry bosom pour'd a purple flood,
Wound following wound, and blood succeeding
blood :

Attend an ample scene ! — more dreadful far !
See, GOD descends, with millions at his bar !
Lo ! the wide field, where thousands in despair,
Would smile at death, and hug the mangling spear ;
Where, fir'd with rage too big to be express'd,
They'd bless the reeking blade that tore their breast :

D

O !

O! with what joy some mortal wound they'd feel!
 With what delight they'd clasp the pointed steel!
 Hung on the smarting rack, or stretch'd upon the
 wheel!

Blest, were some mountain, at th' ETERNAL's call,
 Whirl'd from its base, to crush them in the fall;
 Would heav'n's great Sov'reign hear their only
 pray'r,

To strow their limbs, like atoms, in the air;
 Would some devouring flame their dust consume,
 Or deep volcano hide them in its womb:
 With their last breath they'd praise JEHOVAH's
 name,

And bless their dreadful sentence in the flame.
 But ah! 'tis all in vain!——

WHERE am I rapt?—say, is the judgment come?
 Is this the hour for man's immortal doom?
 Is then the mighty judge already nigh?
 Are these his banners waving in the sky?
 Support me, heav'n!—I shudder with affright;
 I quake, I sink with terror at the sight:
 Still, still methinks, I see the God appear;
 Still bursts the trump, like thunder, on my ear;
 Still glows the scene:—O! may it ne'er depart,
 But warm each thought, and burn within my heart;
 Woo this young breast to seek some fairer clime,
 And raise the soul with pleasures all sublime.
 Then, at that hour, when swifter than the shade,
 Time, life, and youth, and pomp, and beauty fade,

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 27

Ten thousand blissful scenes shall charm the mind,
More sweet than life, than beauty more refin'd;
Where heav'nly youth shall ev'ry smile resume,
And on its cheek eternal roses bloom.

SAY, do'st thou long to reach yon distant sky?
Flames ev'ry passion? does thy pulse beat high?
Do'st thou with transport view that sparkling crown?
Does thy soul tremble at thy Maker's frown?
O! think, the mighty prize will ne'er be bought
By one brisk start, or transient flash of thought:
'Tis not the blaze of thy uncertain fire,
The wild, loose fally of some keen desire;
Each darting impulse, rapid as the flood,
Or boiling ferment of the tainted blood:
Can these with awful justice e'er prevail,
That weighs each thought in its impartial scale?
No: — 'tis a work that grows upon the sight,
'Tis god-like virtue's regular delight:
'Th' intrepid soul by passion ne'er alarm'd,
Improv'd by judgment, as by fancy warm'd;
Whose zeal with reason's rigid dictate sorts,
Glow, but not blazes, warms, but not transports;
Whose conduct, squar'd by ev'ry noble rule,
Forms one proportion'd, just, consistent whole:
'Tis he who does whate'er a mortal can,
Yet sees defects, and thinks himself — a man;
Who, what he wants, or ought not to have done,
Nor scorns to know, nor e'er will blush to own;
Who lets nor zeal, nor fancy run too fast,
(A want of judgment this, and that of taste:)

This,

28 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

This, this is he, who in serene repose
Can coolly smile at earth's convulsive throws ;
And, led by angels to their soft abode,
Can feel that bliss th' ALMIGHTY now bestow'd.

O'ER all the crowd he took one vast survey,
With eyes that * view the darkness, as the day.
Each deep design, tho' hid behind a cloud,
With secret acts, a countless multitude,
Whate'er beneath that conscious sun was wrought,
He knew, and weigh'd in one prodigious thought.
Thus, (if the muse that dwells on heav'nly themes,
May stoop to earth, and join two wide extremes,)
† When some great gen'ral, with preventive care,
In vast idea plans the future war ;
Here swells a thought that sees whole squadrons
slain,

That plants the murd'ring cannon on the plain :
Now in his mind the coming triumphs rise ;
He smiles, the pleasure sparkles in his eyes ;
He feels with joy his raptur'd bosom glow,
Yet sighs with manly pity o'er the foe.

O! what black scenes that dreadful moment
came,

What guilt that virtue blushes but to name !
Crimes that ne'er shrunk at their approaching doom,
‡ That deep'ned midnight's all-surrounding gloom,
Now rear'd with horror their gigantic head,
And claim'd the vengeance heav'n so long delay'd.

YE sons of night, whose each destructive word
Stabs with more keenness than a ruffian's sword ;

Whose

Whose hydra love can triumph in offence,
A love that smiles at ruin'd innocence :
Say, did you ne'er reflect, when at your side
Truth bled, peace groan'd, and murder'd virtue dy'd;
Did you ne'er think, when frantic with despair
You've seen the anguish of some weeping fair,
Whose voice, once sweet as philomela's lay,
On darkness call'd, and curs'd the coming day ;
Whose snowy bosom heav'd continual sighs,
While tears ran streaming from her lovely eyes :
Ah ! did you ne'er, with terror at his rod,
Hear the loud voice of an affronted God ?
Say, has his rage, his vengeance lost its fire ?
Is he not still Almighty in his ire ?
Is then his potent arm by thee o'er-rul'd ?
His thunder blunted, or his lightnings cool'd ?
O ! no ! —ev'n now his eye pervades the whole ;
Ev'n now he views, he reads thy inmost soul :
Is there one thought, that (as the darting wind
Unform'd and fleeting,) glances o'er the mind ?
Is there an act thou trembled'st to prolong ?
Or word that dy'd unfinish'd on thy tongue ?
Or form thou view'dst, the phantom of thy fear ?
Or sound that languish'd on th' unfeeling ear ?
Didst act some hidden guilt, to man unknown ?
And wast thou then, or * thought'st thyself alone ?
Mistaken wretch ! whose blind, unequal sense
With daring aim † would judge omnipotence ;
Thy feebler wisdom, and contracted view
Wouldst join with his who looks all nature through :
Thou,

Thou, like the beaming of a morning sun,
 That gilds the east, art clouded e're thy noon :
 He, in the blaze of one meridian ray,
 Burns with unfully'd light, and gives eternal day :
 Thee fancy, passion's cloudy mists o'ercast :
 His all the future, scanty thine the past.

HE view'd in silence all the mighty scene,
 Tho' dreadful, mild ; and awfully serene :
 His justice here for instant thunder cry'd,
 But heav'nly love stood smiling at her side.
 As when some judge (on whose decisive frown
 Destruction lows) ascends his awful throne ;
 His mind no thought of pity can controul,
 His dreaded hand unseals th' important scroll ;
 Wild with suspense the doubting suppliant shakes,
 Reads ev'ry look, and trembles e're he speaks ;
 His flutt'ring soul the vivid eye betrays,
 And ev'ry passion varies in his face.
 Thus, round the throne of their tremendous Lord,
 All wait in speaking silence for the word :
 Hope, fear, despair, love, fury, rapture rise,
 And terror sparkles from ten thousand eyes.

HE rose : —his looks the coming judgment show ;
 Resentment darken'd his majestic brow ;
 Then view'd the throng beneath his footstool spread,
 Shook with a nod the burning skies, and said,
 (Heav'n's tott'ring concave bow'd, while all around
 His wond'ring hosts stood list'ning at the sound.)

“DEPART

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 31

“DEPART ye damn’d! ’tis I pronounce your doom :

“’Tis I, the God who form’d you in the womb :

“’Tis I, who left each softer scene above,

“Left all the sweetness of celestial love ;

“Left hymning seraphs, left that opening sky ;

“Left all,—to taste unequal’d misery !

“Ingrate ! O ! tell the vast, th’ unpity’d woes,

“The pangs I bore, to save my mortal foes !

“Say, when * beneath th’oppressive weight dis-
may’d,

“Did e’er your hand support my drooping head ?

“When oft I’ve wept, in all my counsels foil’d,

“† Like some fond parent o’er an only child ;

“Did you, when wretched, helpless, pensive, poor,

“Or sooth my grief, or ope the friendly door ?

“What more than rage your flinty bosoms arm’d ?

“When deaf to love, by vengeance not alarm’d !

“How oft to win thy soul has mercy stood !

“To fright, how oft stern justice red with blood !

“Yet still ’twas yours, unmov’d, unaw’d by all,

“To spurn, to laugh at pity’s melting call ;

“Alike unheard my promise, threat’ning, sighs,

“’Twas yours to smile at speechless agonies !

“TAKE then, ye fiends, the wretches from my
fight ;

“Take, shroud them deep in everlasting night ;

“’Mid ceaseless torments, never to expire ;

“To bear the racks of an eternal fire ;

“To

32 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

“ To feel whate’er an injur’d God can claim,
 “ My love rejected, and insulted name :
 “ Be this their doom.” —Th’ ALMIGHTY spoke,
 and frown’d,

Heav’n hear’d, and hell’s remotest regions groan’d.
 He spoke:—’twas done. —To make their
 millions room,

The opening gulph disclos’d its burning womb ;
 From its black breast the boiling sulphur broke,
 And troops of fiends ascended thro’ the smoke.
 As when his vengeance heav’n’s ALMIGHTY pours,
 He speaks, —and lo ! the forky thunder roars ;
 It bursts away, impetuous in its flight,
 Till some vast cloud receives the glowing weight ;
 It lowrs with frowns, the trembling nations gaze ;
 It blots with night the sun’s meridian rays ;
 O’er the wide skies the rolling darkness spreads,
 And hangs incumbent horror o’er their heads :
 At length the rattling vollies force their way,
 The livid lightnings flash a paler day ;
 O’er heav’n’s blue arch the mounting flames aspire,
 And all the wide horizon teems with fire.

A cloud thus lowring from his brow there came ;
 So spouts the deep with unremitting flame.

BUT O ! my soul, th’ amazing theme forbear,
 Nor dare to paint what angels dread to hear :
 Let heav’nly bliss thy cooler thoughts refine,
 And smoothe with softer scenes the flowing line.
 Yet stay : —one moment bid the whole unfold,
 Clear the bright gem from its surrounding mould :

To

The DAY of JUDGMENT. 33

To warm the breast, and touch unthinking youth,
An awful pause may cull some useful truth ;
May raise the passions with becoming pride :
'Tis virtue's call, nor be the call deny'd.

WOULD'ST thou, O man ! avoid th' unbounded
 woe ?

Would'st feel thy breast with endless raptures glow ?
Would'st thou with triumph hear the thunder roll,
That rocks the nodding earth from pole to pole ?
Retire ; — be deaf to grandeur's vain alarm,
Its gilded darts, that sting thee, while they charm :
Let life's gay scenes engage thy soul no more,
Pomp, beauty, youth, the bubbles of an hour !
Fix ev'ry thought * on thy immortal part ;
Bid heav'n attend ! — then trembling ask thy heart,

“ How have I walk'd thro' all this mazy road ?

“ How liv'd, to gain the plaudit of my GOD ?

“ How spoke ? how acted ? how improv'd the
 boon,

“ On all bestow'd, from all resum'd so soon ?

“ Say, did I e'er o'er weeping virtue groan,

“ Return her tears, and make her grief my own ?

“ Have I, unmov'd by sorrow's frantic cries,

“ Refus'd my help, my pity, or my sighs ?

“ Then hear, Great GOD, (should thou thy aid
 detain,

“ The noblest wish, the best resolve how vain !)

“ Oh ! lend to prostrate dust thy willing ear !

“ Hear, all ye saints ! and, ev'ry angel, hear !

" Should yet thy mercy give me years to come,
 " If not this hour consigns me to the tomb,
 " On thee alone each fond desire shall rest,
 " No rival love to share it in my breast :
 " I leave, vain world ! thy pleasures to thy friends,
 " The fool that asks them, and the grave that ends ;
 " Each fair, each dazzling object I resign ;
 " Be thine my hopes ! and all my pow'rs be thine ! "

But lo ! my soul, the clouds at length are o'er ;
 The storms are calm'd, the thunders cease to roar :
 See ! blooming love, as cloudless skies serene,
 Smiles heav'nly sweet, and brightens all the scene !

So some loud whirlwind, with resistless sweep,
 Heaves the wild waves, and blackens on the deep ;
 The fainting mariners, with pale despair,
 Behold the ocean's boiling bosom bare :
 When lo ! at once the raving winds subside,
 A gentle breeze plays smoothly o'er the tide ;
 Now each, enraptur'd, views th' emerging ray,
 Now breathes delighted in the blaze of day ;
 Groves, mountains, woods appear, a charming
 train !

The ship glides lightly thro' the liquid plain ;
 The liquid plain reflects the waving beam,
 And heav'n's fine azure glitters in the stream.

Some seraph, teach my daring song to rise,
 O ! let me catch the music of the skies ;
 Illume my breast, exalt, refine the whole,
 And pour melodious numbers on my soul.

WHAT glories burst on my transported sight !
What charms, with more than mortal beauty bright !
What anthems ring ! what melting lays inspire !
What god-like angels strike the sounding lyre !
See ! ev'ry face the softest smiles assume !
How glows each feature with celestial bloom !
A bloom, untouch'd by all-devouring time ;
Like opening roses, in eternal prime !

O ! could my strains with ev'ry grace appear,
Each thought that fires the soul, or charms the ear ;
To me did ev'ry finer art belong,
The richest fancy, and the sweetest song,
This heav'nly theme th' harmonious voice should
raise,

Warm all my thoughts, and warble in my lays.

For lo ! he comes, a victor o'er the grave,
In triumph mild, * exalted but to save :
In crowds th' applauding hosts surround their king ;
They tune their harps, and touch the finest string.
Angelic concert ! musically slow,
It steals more soft, than vernal breezes blow :
Then swells a sprightly note ; —all heav'n replies,
And labouring echo rings it thro' the skies.

Thus, when some god-like hero mounts his car,
And, crown'd with laurels, leaves the stormy war,
Their chief with joy the gazing throng behold ;
His arms refulgent glow with burnish'd gold ;
The spoils of vanquish'd foes are led before ;
Loud blows the trump ! the rival thunders roar !

Sublime

36 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

Sublime he towers, while, at the martial sound,
Seas, hills, and skies, and rocks, and vales rebound.

Now, bright as heav'n, as mild aurora fair,
(Whose balmy breath perfumes the purer air,)
He rose, with mercy beaming from his sight,
Then smil'd, and look'd ineffable delight.
As when the nightingale's melodious love
Charms the still gloom, and fills the vocal grove ;
The list'ning zephyrs hovering while she sings,
Catch ev'ry sound, and waft it on their wings ;
Th' attentive swains her moving accents hear,
That melt the heart, and harmonize the ear ;
Such, (while each bosom felt unbounded joys,)
Such music stream'd from his transporting voice :
(While warm'd with more than rapture at their
doom,

Each cheek was flush'd, like roses in the bloom.)

“ * COME now, ye blest ! by heav'n, by me ap-
prov'd !

“ Ye blest of God ! my darlings, my lov'd !

“ Possess whate'er your vast desires can claim ;

“ Be endless praises your eternal theme ;

“ Tho' once you sigh'd, be all your sighs no more ;

“ Tho' once you wept, your mourning days are
o'er :

“ Now raise the song, begin th' immortal strain ;

“ Guard them, ye angels, to th' etherial plain ;

“ Their harp, their voice let softer themes employ,

“ And touch the heart, † and crown the head with
joy.

“ FOR

“ FOR this I left these skies, to dwell below ;
“ For this my soul felt all the stings of woe ;
“ For this the spear, with reeking purple dy’d,
“ Op’d a wide wound, and lodg’d within my side ;
“ For this despis’d, forsook, deny’d, I stood,
“ Pour’d ceaseless groans, and bought it with my
blood :

“ Delightful prize ! —to taste its sweets, is thine :
“ Yours all the bliss ; to know the pain, was mine.
“ But lo ! your vast reward at length is nigh ;
“ That dazzling crowd awaits you in the sky !
“ Now boundless bliss shall all your grief repay,
“ Wipe off your tears, and give your sighs away.”

HERE pause : —no more by man can be express’d ;
Ye faints, ye wond’ring seraphs, tell the rest !

As thro’ the clouds some towering eagle springs,
And flies like lightning on impetuous wings ;
He views unmov’d the burning sun display’d ;
The waving fire plays harmless round his head ;
Quick as a thought of the aerial mind,
To heav’n he mounts, and leaves the stars behind :
Thus, rapt at once from our attending view,
Thro’ the broad gates the rising concourse flew ;
Till far remov’d, scarce to the distant sight
The triumph glow’d, with fainter glories bright ;
Ascending still, till it appear’d no more :
We look’d, and all the swimming scene was o’er.

BUT now (more charming than the rising sun)
The blooming angel smil’d, and thus begun :

Sweet

38 *The DAY of JUDGMENT.*

Sweet as the tawring lark's mellifluous fong,
The melting accents warbled on his tongue !

“ 'TIS done :—for now that fhining train
remov'd

“ Enjoy the blifs, and praife the God they lov'd ;

“ They live, they reign, eternally ferene,

“ With not one cloud, to interpoſe between.

“ Say, when thy gazing eyes ſurvey'd the whole,

“ Did dawning rapture beam upon thy ſoul ?

“ Burns not thy ſwelling breaſt to join the choir ?

“ Is ev'ry paſſion wing'd with fond deſire ?

“ Would'ſt thou, with tranſport fir'd to mount above,

“ Aſcend ? and melts not ev'ry thought with love ?

THEN, (all his frame with heav'nly glories bright,
Each lovely feature glowing with delight !)

He thus burſt out :—“ O ! who thy name can
praiſe !

“ What angel's voice can tell thy wond'rous ways !

“ Lo ! on each lip the HALLELUJAH dies ;

“ We faint ; an awful rev'rence fills the ſkies :

“ All, humbly bending to almighty pow'r,

“ In proſtrate ſilence tremble and adore !”

He ſaid :—and, mounting to the realms of day,
Spread his reſplendent wings, and ſoar'd away.

F I N I S.

N O T E S.

Page 2. * Whose wings the whirlwind, &c.

* How inimitably beautiful is the Psalmist's description of the Deity, (Ps. civ. 3.) where he is said "to walk on the wings of the wind." An element which, with the rapidity of thought, darts away through the regions of space;—an element, of whose swiftness the human mind can scarce form an idea, is yet a vehicle so infinitely disproportioned to its Creator, that he only walks on its impetuous wings.

p. 5. * When all th'angelic hosts, &c.

* See MILTON's battle of the angels. Book vi.

† A burning comet, &c.

† That the general conflagration will be effected by the near approach of a comet to the sun, is at least a probable supposition; and probability, in a subject of this kind, is the utmost that can be expected. The atmosphere of those irregular bodies, (which the learned have been so much puzzled to account for), is, by the observations of the most curious, thought to consist of a continual efflux of smoke, rising at first to a determinate height from all parts of the comets themselves, and then making off to that which is opposite to the sun. It would seem reasonable from this to conclude, that the conflagration must necessarily be a consequence of supposing the earth involved in this atmosphere, if we take in the prodigious quantity of fire lodged in its own cavities.—But is not the account still more credible, when we add to these

these the action of the sun, which in this conjunction will be doubly intense?

p. 5. * The Andes, &c.

* A vast range of mountains which cover about a thousand leagues in South America.

p. 7. * The haughty Spaniard here, &c.

* PHILIP II.

† ——— and there the Gaul, &c.

† LEWIS XIV.

p. 11. * thron'd in darkness, &c.

* I cannot help looking on the following passage from the 18th psalm, as the noblest sentiment perhaps that ever entered into the mind of man. The psalmist is describing the descent of the Almighty. 'Tis said, "He bowed the heavens, and came down, and darkness was under his feet, and he rode upon a cherub, and did fly, &c. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him, were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies." HOMER's *περὶ Ἀνγυρετᾶ* Zeus makes a noble figure in the Iliad. He introduces him always in a manner *peculiarly graceful*, and seems even to rise above himself in the description. The lines from HESIOD, prefixed as a motto to the title-page, are no way inferior to any thing of this kind I have met with in the writings of antiquity. VIRGIL has some fine portraits on the same subject, animated with all the warmth of fertile and copious imagination. But where, among all these, do we find the Deity "bowing the heavens in his descent, riding on a cherub, walking on darkness, forming, his pavilion of the thick clouds of the skies, and
" appearing

" appearing, (to give it in MILTON's inimitable phrase),

— *Dark with excessive bright.*"

The subsequent verse, by an *elegant antithesis*, seems (if possible) to heighten the beauty of the preceeding ones.

" At the *brightness* which was before him, his thick clouds " passed," &c.—Sternhold and Hopkins have given so uncommon a turn to one part of this description, that I must be excused for transcribing it.

*The Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heavens high;
And underneath his feet he spread
The darkness of the sky.
On Cherub, and on Seraphim
Full royally he rode;
And, on the wings of all the winds,
Came flying all abroad.*

Every unprejudiced reader will see, how much, in this instance, inspiration is superior to enthusiasm.

p. 12. * Whither they lurk'd, &c.

* The illustrious Mr. ADDISON (whom VOLTAIRE justly calls *le poëte des sages*) in one of his finest Latin pieces, I mean that on the resurrection, has the following beautiful lines:

*Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim dirigit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coeuntia membra.*

p. 13. * Flung the rough stone, &c.

* HECTOR. See the Iliad, lib. 12.

F

—† heav'd

p. 13. †——heav'd th' unwieldy rock, &c.

† AJAX. See his combat with Hector described, lib. 8. and 14.

p. 17. * Stars with their fons, &c.

* I cannot see any reason for confining the general judgment to the inhabitants of our own world; unless we can bring ourselves to believe, that all those around us (which will share in the same destruction) are only a vast collection of uncultivated deserts: a supposition founded on nothing but this one argument, viz. that it cannot be confuted by ocular demonstration.

p. 18. * By CHARLES', &c.

* CHARLES IX. at the massacre of Paris.

p. 24. *——for, from his great abode, &c.

* If the reader would see a scene of this kind drawn in the richest colours of poetical painting, animated with a surprising sublimity of sentiment, and enriched with a profusion of the most exquisite beauties, he will find it in the words of an inspired orator, Hab. iii. from the 3d verse.

p. 25. * A murder'd host, &c.

* Tho' murder, in strict propriety, signifies something done from premeditated design, and a prose author might be justly excepted against for using it in any other sense; I cannot however think, that an expression in poetry, which is taken in to heighten a description, and add a *pathos*, or *meaning* to the sentiment, is (tho' not critically proper) to be found fault with on that account. A defect of this kind may rather sometimes be ranked among those, which (in Mr. POPE's opinion) a "true critic dares not mend."

•——view

p. 28. * ——— view the darkness, &c.

* This alludes to that inimitable description of the Deity's omnipresence psalm 139. ; in which, after taking a beautiful survey of every thing in nature that can strengthen his argument, (for which the reader may consult Mr. HERVEY's fine paraphrase, Med. vol. 2. p. 15. and 34.) he adds, v. 11. " If I say, the darkness shall " cover me, even the night shall be light about me : " a thought, to which the *antithesis* gives such peculiar elegance, as may make it vye with the most expressive touches of ancient, or modern poetry.

† When some great gen'ral, &c.

† This passage may possibly appear with more advantage, when compared with Lucan's description of Cæsar, at his approach to the Rubicon :

*Jamque gelidas Cæsar cursu superaverat Alpes,
Ingentesque animo motus, bellumque futurum
Ceperat, ut ventum est parvi Rubiconis ad undas.*

Phars. lib. 3

Mr. ADDISON has made a noble use of this sentiment in his Campaign, and has the happiest translation of it I can think on:—Speaking of Marlborough, before he crossed the Moselle, he tells us,

*Our god-like leader, e're the stream he past,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast ;
Forming the wondrous year within his thought,
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.*

‡ That deep'ned, &c.

‡ I shall make no apology for transcribing the following passage from MILTON, as (in my opinion) it is one of the noblest pieces of fine description that I have met with in an uninspired author. 'Tis in his second book,

where,

where, after having given an account of the measures concerted by the infernal powers for regaining, in some measure, their former dignity, SATAN undertakes to put them in execution. To effectuate this, he goes in quest of earth, and meets with no interruption in the design, till his arrival at the gates of hell; where DEATH, one of the guards, is alarmed at his approach, and advances with a resolution to put a stop to his course. They view one another with determined intrepidity:—they move forward with indignant coolness: terror *lowrs* in their eyes, and destruction frowns on their brows:—they wave the lifted dart in air; and—— But the whole will be infinitely more striking in the language of that exalted genius :

—————such a frown,
*Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds,
 With heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on
 Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
 Hov'ring a space, till winds the signal blow
 To join their dark encounter in mid air.——*

He then adds,

*So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
 Grew darker at the frown.*

What a masterly sketch of the sublime is here! how animated the diction! how rich the colouring!—what strength of thought! what profusion of fine imagery breathes thro' the whole piece!—That so beautiful a picture should have escaped the notice of his judicious commentator, is not easily to be accounted for.

p. 29. *——or thought'st thyself alone, &c.

* *O! lost to virtue! lost to manly thought!*

Lost to the noble sallies of the soul,

Who think it solitude to be alone.

Compare *Night* iii. *ab initio*.

p. 29. †——would judge omnipotence, &c.

† To secure this passage from an objection, that it makes the Deity interest himself in trifles, I shall only observe, that its design, (and indeed the great one of this performance), is to imprint on the mind a persuasion of the Divine Omniscience; to which a simple assent, when not accompanied with a suitable influence on the practice, is like a mid-night dream, scarce sooner recollected than forgot; and still less consistent than the reveries of a madman, whose actions are squared by the judgment he forms. Was it firmly believed, what can fill the mind with more awful reverence than the continual presence of its creator!—was it suitably improved, where can we meet with a more striking incitement to the *love*, and *exercise* of virtue.

p. 31. *——beneath the oppressive weight, &c.

* See Matth. xxv. from verse 42d.

† Like some fond parent, &c.

† This has some remote allusion to our Saviour's pathetic complaint over *Jerusalem*, Matth. xxiii. v. 37. I chused to give the sentiment this turn, as a nearer resemblance must have fallen infinitely short of the original, in which the simplicity, pathos, and delicate beauty of allegory, will need no recommendation to a good judge.

p. 33. *——on thy immortal part, &c.

* HOMER, (who, thro' his whole *Iliad*, has introduced apposite reflections on the uncertainty of life, and the rewards or punishments of a future state), makes A-

chilles,

chilles, after awaking from a dream in which he had seen Patroclus, talk in this manner :

Ω ποποι, η ρα τις εστι ζειν αιδαο δομοισι
 Ψυχη ζειδωλον, αταρ φρενες οκ ενι παμπαν
 Παννυχιν γαρ μοι Πατροκληος δειλοιο
 Ψυχη εφεισηκει. —————

Iliad. lib. 23.

'Tis true, 'tis certain, man, tho' dead, retains
 Part of himself; th' immortal mind remains;
 The form subsists without the body's aid,
 Aerial semblance, and an empty shade!
 This night my friend, so late in battle lost,
 Stood at my side. —————

POPE.

May I be allowed to confirm this testimony from antiquity by a passage of scripture, which I chuse to select from a multitude of others, as an instance of the excellency of that Divine Book, and the important truths which may sometimes be discovered, where, on a superficial glance, we should have the smallest expectations of finding them?—'Tis said, Job xiv. 1. *Man, that is born of a woman, is of few days, and full of trouble.* But, to what purpose (it may be asked) are these words, *that is born of a woman*, put in? might they not have been as well omitted?—why, it is to inform us, that he does not here mean the immortal spirit, whose existence is limited by no duration; but that brittle, fading, feeble part of man, (properly said, on every account, to be born of a woman), which flutters about for a few years, and then drops into the grave, and is forgot.

† p. 35. ———exalted but to save, &c.

† As I have endeavoured, thro' the whole of this poem, to point out such parts of the sacred writings, as contain any sentiment peculiarly beautiful on this awful subject; the reader will (I presume) excuse me for sub-
 joining

joining to these one observation more on the following passage in Isaiah.—'Tis in his 63d chapter, from the beginning.—The prophet, from a view, as it would seem, of our SAVIOUR's resurrection, on beholding the several circumstances at that moment presented to him, bursts into an abrupt exclamation (a parallel to which Mr. HERVEY has finely illustrated, in a paraphrase on Solomon's prayer at the dedication of his temple) " Who is this " that cometh up from Edom, with dyed garments from " Bozrah? this that is red in his apparel, travelling in the " greatness of his strength?" Observe the gradation:—the first question seems to proceed from an indistinct view of the person, "—who is this?" what heavenly appearance discovers itself to my senses? whom is it that I behold in this majestic attitude? He then takes a particular survey, and describes him with more accuracy:—" this that cometh up with dyed garments." I see, (as if he had said with rapturous ardor), his eyes sparkling with fury, and his garments rolled in the blood of his enemies.—He then paints the dignity of his approach, " travelling in the greatness of his strength."—One would almost imagine he viewed the majesty of some triumphant hero, reeking from slaughter, and elated with victory.—He at length advances so near as to make a reply; a reply, on which every preceeding circumstance reflects a distinct beauty. We would conclude, on perusing the first part, that the sequel was to contain some dreadful menace, or alarming threatening: but how must our terror heighten the wonder, the surprize, the transport, with which we hear him return, " It is I that " speak in righteousness, mighty to save!" What an improvement is this on another passage, where we are told, that " his tender mercies are over all his other " works! "

• Come

p. 36. * Come now, ye blest! &c.

* See Matth. xxv. 34.

† —and crown the head with joy, &c.

† See Isaiah xxxv. 10.

F I N I S.